SCREAM
T.M.
A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION
75¢
47821
NO. 4
FEB
1974
BLOOD-HUNT FOR THE CANNIBAL WEREWOLF!

...ONE NIGHT...AS BERENICE AND I SAT IN MY LIBRARY... I LOOKED AT HER....LOOKED AT HER THROUGH MY DISEASED EYES....AS I HAD NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE...

this face is the face of

BERENICE

. . . the masterpiece of horror by EDGAR ALLAN POE illustrated by Rancid Ricardo Villamonte . . . it's in the next NIGHTMARE (#18-APRIL) on sale JANUARY 31 . . .

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NIGHTMARE

is the companion title to

SCREAM

and is on sale bi-monthly at your HORROR-MOOD newstand

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

SCREAM

in this incredible issue :

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. . . come JOIN the CANNIBAL WEREWOLVES on page 38 . . .

. . . THE LUNATIC MUMMY will not die — on page 46 . . .

come witness **THE TALES OF NOSFERATU** unfolded on page 58

. . . AND MORE STORIES — MORE HORROR THAN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE . . .

— CONTRIBUTORS: COVER ARTIST VILANOVA DOMINGO ED FEDORY CESAR LOPEZ MARO NAVA EDGAR ALLAN POE SOSTRES RICARDO VILLAMONTE ZESAR

THE SKULL OF THE GHOUL

WHEN THE DUSK FALLS SO DOES DEATH...

THE VAMPIRE KINGDOM

SATAN WANTS A CHILD

The LEGEND of the Cannibal WERE-WOLF

Edgar Allan Poe in the Movies

SCREAM IS PUBLISHED BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y., 10017. PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY.

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LADY SATAN
WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
CHAPTER 3...
ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE
...EMPEROR LUCIFER...
MASTER OF ALL EVIL...
COME HITHER TO ME...
MY MASTER...
...MY HUSBAND!
MY LOVER... SATAN...
AGLON... TETRA-GRAM...
...EZPHARES OLYARAM IRION ESYTION...
...ERYONA... ONERA... ORASYM... EMMANUAL...
...TE ADORO --ET TE INVOCO...
...YOU ARE NOT SATAN...
...WHO ARE YOU??

...I AM... A DEMON WHOM SATAN HAS SENT IN HIS STEAD...
SATAN IS ANGRY WITH YOU... THE FIASCO ON YOUR WEDDING NIGHT WAS OUTRAGEOUS...
WHY SO?
...BUT... BUT THAT WAS NOT MY FAULT! I THOUGHT HE HAD FORGIVEN ME!
NO... HE HAS NOT FORGIVEN YOU!
HOW CAN I MAKE AN APOLOGY TO MY HUSBAND?... LORD LUCIFER!
MASTER SATAN SEEKS NOT YOUR APOLOGY, LADY SATAN... HE REQUIRES ANOTHER THING ALTOGETHER... PROOF OF YOUR LOYALTY AND LOVE...
A PROOF? BUT...BUT HOW CAN I?...
HOW CAN I PROVE MY... ...MY LOVE?
...SIMPLY... YOU ARE HIS WIFE...THE MASTER OF HELL AND OF ALL THE REVOLTED SPIRITS WISHES... PROOF...THAT YOU ARE WORTHY...
SATAN WANTS A CHILD

...A CHILD...I AM HONORED... I...I NEVER REALIZED MY HUSBAND DESIRES A CHILD... BUT... HOW?
...COME TO HELL...HALF WAY TO HELL... BY THE CAVES OF WOE...TO-MORROW NIGHT-- HE WILL MEET YOU...THERE YOU WILL BECOME AS ONE! EARTH AND HELL AS ONE...
...YES... YES...
THE SPIRIT IS GONE... QUEEN ANNE... YOU ARE INDEED GRACED BY THE MASTER... YOU ARE TO BEAR HIS CHILD...
YES...AND IF I AM TO TRAVEL TO MEET MY HUSBAND SATAN TOMORROW NIGHT...I NOW NEED TO REST...
SO I WILL SLEEP NOW ...WATCH OVER ME AS I SLEEP...FOR IF THE GIRL, ANNE JACKSON, WHOSE BODY I INHABIT SHOULD TAKE POSSESSION OF IT SHE MIGHT RUIN MY PLANS...
YES, MISTRESS...
SO BE WARNED... WATCH ME WELL...I WANT NO TROUBLE BEFORE TOMORROW NIGHT...

...MMPH... WHERE AM I?...
...I'M IN A FILTHY WITCHES' COVEN...THIS GUARD MUST BE ONE OF LADY SATAN'S UNDERLINGS... ONE OF HER UNHOLY DISCIPLES...
...THESE CLOTHES I WEAR MUST BE THE ROBES OF THE ROTTED MIND WHICH INHABITS ME...I ONLY WISH I COULD DISCARD HER AS EASILY AS I DO THESE EVIL ROBES...
MMPH! I'M IN A CAVE WHERE I WAS FIRST TRANSFORMED...THIS MUST BE HER HEADQUARTERS...I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT 1973 WITCH GIRL WAKES UP...

I...I MUST BE MILES AWAY... RUN...FOR HOURS...THOSE LIGHTS AHEAD...MUST BE SALEM...
WHAT USE IS IT FOR ME TO RUN? WHEN THE WITCH-QUEEN ANNE WISHES TO TAKE CONTROL OF MY BODY SHE CAN WITH EASE...HOW LONG SHE'S BEEN IN CONTROL OF ME...I DON'T KNOW... ANYTHING...
I...DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M ALIVE... IF...IF I...AM ALIVE! WHAT CAN I DO TO STOP HER?...WHAT HORRORS DOES SHE HAVE IN HER EVIL MIND WITHIN ME?
I AM NOT DEAD AND NOT ALIVE...I AM NOT MY OWN PERSON...
THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
WHADJA SAY, LADY?
I MUST STOP HER...AND THERE IS...ONLY ONE WAY...
HEY, LADY... ARE YOU OUTTA YOUR MIND?

...MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL...
I...I'M NOT DEAD... I TWIST THE DAMN KNIFE AROUND IN MY HEART AND DO NOT DIE!!
I DON'T EVEN FEEL PAIN...
LADY! WHY DID YOU DO IT? IS THIS A GAG?
GO AWAY, IDIOT...
HEY! YOU'RE...NOT THE SAME AS BEFORE... YOU'VE CHANGED...
YOUR WHOLE FACE IS DIFFERENT... I...
I SAID... GO AWAY... GET AWAY FROM ME, YOU IDIOT...
...BUT LADY... I...ONLY... WANNA HELP YOU...
I SAID... GO AWAY!!
AAAAHHH...

THAT IDIOT, ANNE JACKSON, WEAKLING... SHOVING A KNIFE INTO HER-SELF...
NOTHING SHORT OF CREMATION CAN HARM THIS BODY...IT'S ALREADY DEAD...ONLY SATAN AND MY INDOMITABLE WILL WITHIN IT KEEPS FROM DECAYING...
MISTRESS...
YOU INSUF-FERABLE FOOL ...YOU HAD A JOB AND DIDN'T PERFORM IT...A TASK OF GUARDING MY BODY...
WHAT DID YOU DO...FALL ASLEEP? 1973 IS NO DIFFER-ENT FROM 1773... I AM STILL SURROUND-ED BY SIMPLETONS...
...LUCIFER... OUYAR... ESMONY...
ESPARINESONT HAYRAS...
FABELLER-OBTHON...
...EMPEROR LUCIFER...
BRING ME TO YOUR PRESENCE...
...SHE'S... GONE...
...THUS IS AN EVIL THING ON EARTH TRANSPORTED TO THE NETHER WORLDS... BY A HIDEOUS CHANT... BY A WORSHIP AND FAITH IN HER ALMIGHTY SPOUSE... THUS IS ONE OF MILLIONS TAKEN WHOLE FROM THE HALF-WHOLE EARTH INTO A HALF-WHOLE HELL...

...IT IS ABOUT TIME I HAD A CHILD ON EARTH...
YES, MY LORD...
RICARDO VILLAMONTE
SIRE...
...AT THE GATES OF HELL IN THE CAVERNS OF WOE, LORD LUCIFER, SATAN-VISITED HIS EARTH MISTRESS...OUTSIDE THIS PLACE IN HELL...THERE WAS A GREAT RESOUNDING CRY WHICH FILLED THE HEAVENS WITH DREAD...WHILE ON EARTH THE ASPECTS OF NATURE SEEMED TO REVOLT...ALL ABOUT THE EARTH STORMS DEVASTED COASTLINES, TORNADOES RIPPED APART PRAIRIES, RAINS DROWNED DAMS AND SNOWS BURIED TINY ARCTIC TOWNS TOO DEFENSELESS TO PROTECT A DEFENSE...EARTH AND HELL WERE MATING...

LADY SATAN...QUEEN ANNE...YOU'VE RETURNED...
WINE...WINE...
...HELP HER TO HER CHAMBERS THE TRIP THROUGH HALF OF HELL MUST HAVE EXHAUSTED ONE WHO IS ONLY... WHO IS ALMOST HUMAN...
SHE DOESN'T TASTE THE WINE...SHE IS ALREADY UNCONSCIOUS...SEE HOW HER FACE IS RELAXING...
...NOT BECAUSE QUEEN ANNE IS ASLEEP BECAUSE THE ONE WITHIN HER IS NOW STRUGGLING TO BE DOMINANT...
MMMHH... GO TO FIGHT...I'M SO TIRED... SO TIRED...
...AM I...IN LADY SATAN'S COVEN AGAIN?... YOU...YOU ARE HER WITCHES...WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?...I FEEL...SO STRANGE... SO WEAK, AND SO STRANGE...
YOU ARE WITH CHILD!
...WITH CHILD... WHAT?... WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?
OH, LORD... WHAT HAS HAPPENED... WHAT HORRORS DO YOU SPEAK TO ME OF...
...YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO LIVES WITHIN YOUR VERY WOMB NOW?
...YOU WILL SOON BE A MOTHER, ANNE JACKSON... THE FATHER IS THE KING OF HELL...
HA HA HA HA HE HE HE HA HA HA HA HA HE HE HE
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HE HE HE
OH HEAVEN... HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL...
NEXT: THE SON OF LORD LUCIFER...

Edgar Allan Poe in the Movies

The first truly magnificent horror film was made by D. W. GRIFFITH in 1914 - THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE, and was based on the works of EDGAR ALLAN POE . . . it featured adaptations of THE TELL-TALE HEART, WILLIAM WILSON, THE BLACK CAT, ANNABEL LEE, THE BELLS and THE CONQUEROR WORM. Though it is one of the finest horror films ever made, it is not a good adaptation of Poe. No-one ever makes a good adaptation of Poe. As some critic stated: "unhappily, the master poet of the macabre mood does not transpose well to the cinema screen, beyond the mere illustration of his classic devices". This is not true. It is true that, unhappily, he IS not transposed. It is NOT true, that he CANNOT be transposed. For all the odd dozen adaptations made, not a single screenwriter has written a better, or more commercially suitable, script than the original Poe story.

. . . THE BLACK CAT, the 1966 Hemisphere Picture's adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's famous short story, was violent - bloody - fierce and weird . . . but the plotline was hardly even similar to the original classic tale of terror . . .

... Vincent Price starred in American International's 1963 HAUNTED PALACE, which was a great film - though it had nothing to do with Poe's poem of the same title ... and was in fact based on a short story by H.P. Lovecraft ...

The complete Poe-pourri of movies

THE AVENGING CONSCIENCE, 1914 (D.W. Griffith)
MURDER IN THE RUE MORGUE, 1932 - Lugosi
THE BLACK CAT, 1934 - Karloff-Lugosi
THE RAVEN, 1935 - Karloff-Lugosi
THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, 1960 - Price
THE PIT, 1960 - Brian Peck
THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM, 1961 - Price
THE PREMATURE BURIAL, 1961 - Ray Milland
TALES OF TERROR, 1962 - Price-Lorre-Rathbone
THE HAUNTED PALACE, 1963 - Price-Chaney
THE RAVEN, 1963 - Price-Karloff-Lorre
THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH, 1964 - Price
THE TOMB OF LIGEIA, 1964 - Price
THE BLACK CAT, 1965

... THE HOUSE OF USHER ...

... THE TOMB OF LIGEIA ...

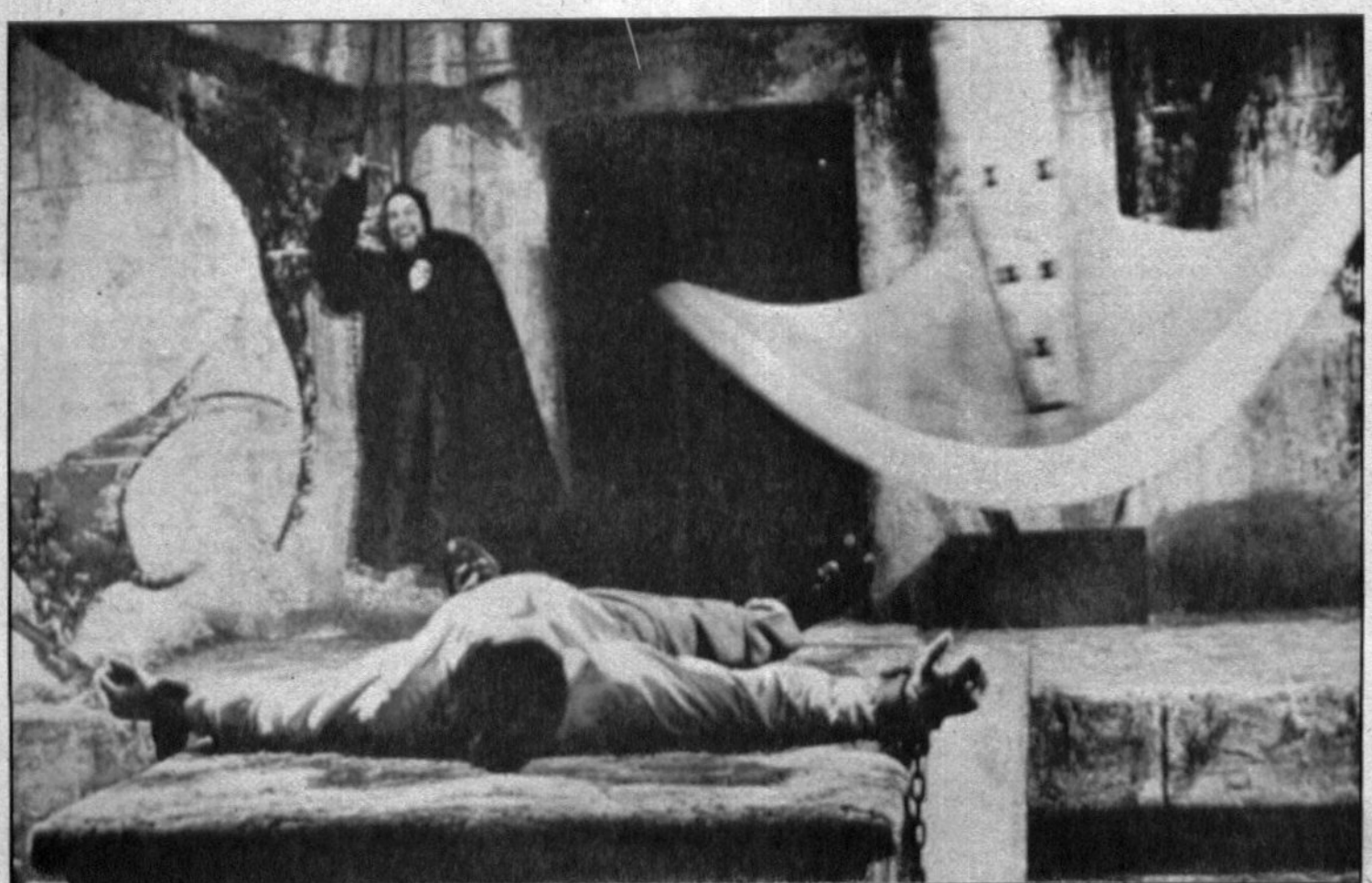
THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH
above: a Hazel Court scream
below: a Vincent Price orgy

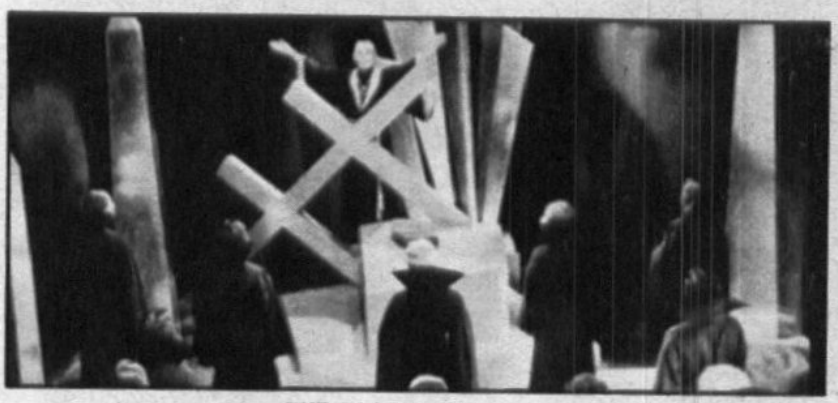
It's very sad — it's called 'commercially necessary' — and that's what's so sad. For Poe's original stories were full of all the spicy, weird ingredients we love to see. The misguided, semi-literate producers evidently never bothered to read Poe, or this they would know.

From the very beginning, Poe's 'ideas' were merely assimilated into other plots. His name was used - his story titles were mis-used. The only time he was ever given a fair chance was in Edward Abraham's 1960/62 THE PIT, featuring Brian Peck. In this short film, only one word of dialog is heard (in Poe's original story, there is no dialog at all). A critic described this film as "a genuine essay in horror" and it certainly is.

The Karloff and Lugosi Universal films: THE RAVEN (1935) and THE BLACK CAT (1934), and Lugosi's MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (1932), are exciting films - principally because of Karloff and Lugosi themselves, and Poe's devices, but not because of their half-axed plots.

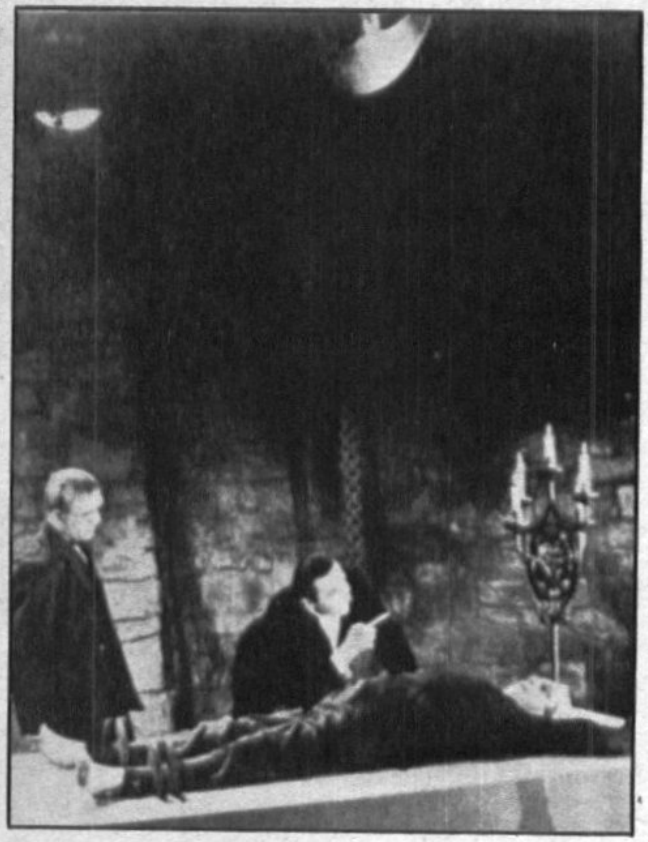
Roger Corman, for American International, made a series of Poe vehicles starring Vincent Price in the 1960's, which include: THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER (1960), THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM (1961), PREMATURE BURIAL (1961), TALES OF TERROR (1962), THE HAUNTED PALACE (1963), THE RAVEN (1963), THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH (1964), and the TOMB OF LIGEIA (1964). They are interesting, perhaps even memorable (principally due to Vincent Price, not due to Corman, we suspect, the notorious 'director-who-did-not-direct', according to





... THE BLACK CAT ...

... THE TOMB OF LIGEIA ...



... THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM ...
- with Karloff and Lugosi, 1935 -

Boris Karloff), but they are not the stories of Edgar Allan Poe. THE HAUNTED PALACE is really a poe-poem, but Corman used the title and made up a plot loosely based on H.P. Lovecraft's THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD. TALES OF TERROR is a collection of 3 short stories, which Corman made funny — unless you happen to take your Edgar Allan Poe seriously — which we do.

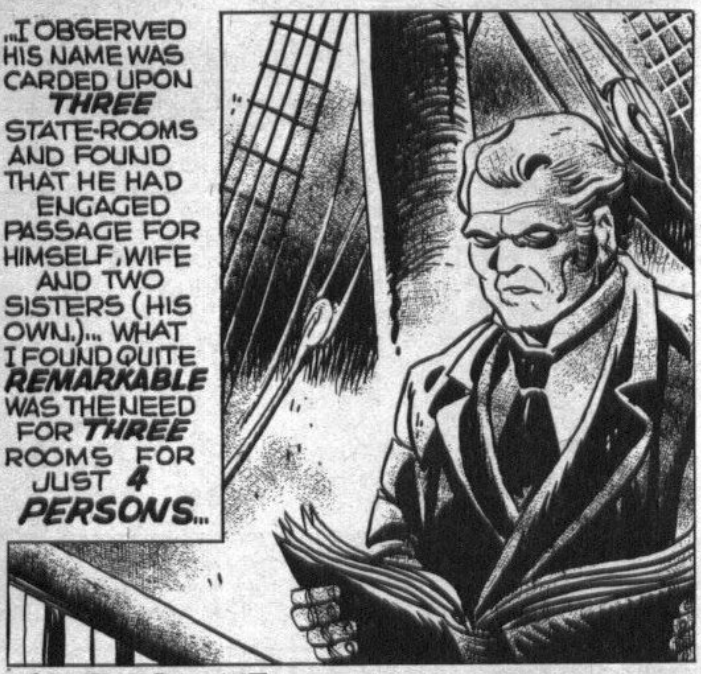
Edgar Allan Poe was a theatrical man - in his manner, his clothes, his writing matter and writing style - it is fair to suggest he would be delighted at the idea of being transposed from print to film ... but were he alive today, to see how it's been done, he would be indignant and insulted.

As it is, he's rolling over in his grave.

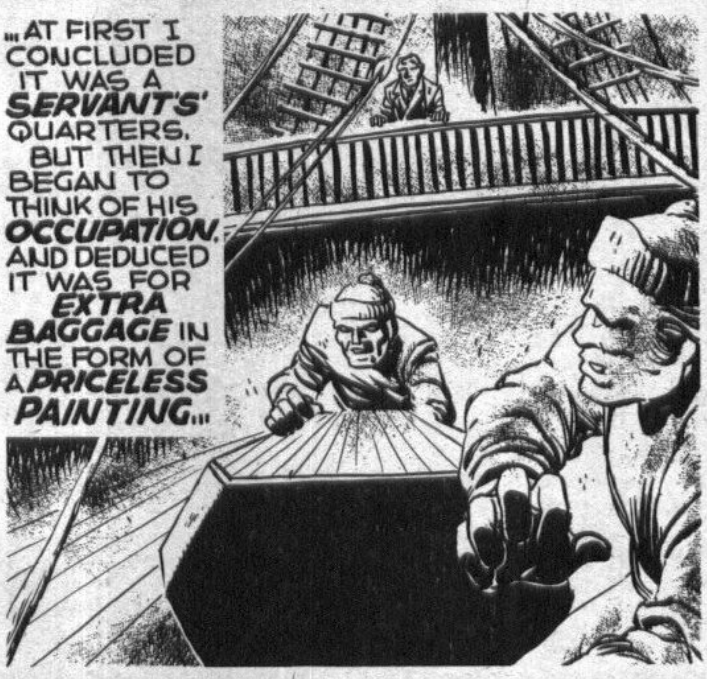
... THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH ... (American International, 1964) starred Vincent Price and Hazel Court, and was directed by Roger Corman — this sacrificial ceremony scene was censored out before showing in many countries — the film was exciting and powerful, but had absolutely nothing to do with Edgar Allan Poe whatsoever; which is a shame, considering Poe's original stories were ALWAYS better than the ones the butchers wrote and filmed ...

...SOME YEARS AGO, I ENGAGED ***PASSAGE*** FROM CHARLESTON SOUTH CAROLINA TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK, IN THE FINE PACKET-SHIP ***'INDEPENDENCE'*** OF CAPTAIN HARDY... ON THE PASSENGER LIST I WAS REJOICED TO SEE SEVERAL OF MY ACQUAINTANCES. AMONG THEM ***CORNELIUS WYATT***, A YOUNG ARTIST, AND A CLOSE ***FRIEND***...

...I OBSERVED HIS NAME WAS CARDED UPON ***THREE*** STATE-ROOMS AND FOUND THAT HE HAD ENGAGED PASSAGE FOR HIMSELF, WIFE AND TWO SISTERS (HIS OWN.)... WHAT I FOUND QUITE ***REMARKABLE*** WAS THE NEED FOR ***THREE*** ROOMS FOR JUST ***4 PERSONS***...



...AT FIRST I CONCLUDED IT WAS A ***SERVANT'S'*** QUARTERS. BUT THEN I BEGAN TO THINK OF HIS ***OCCUPATION***, AND DEDUCED IT WAS FOR ***EXTRA BAGGAGE*** IN THE FORM OF A ***PRICELESS PAINTING***...



...ON THE DAY WE SAILED I SAW THE ***BOX*** BROUGHT ABOARD AND MY SUSPICIONS WERE ***CONFIRMED*** (***OBVIOUSLY*** IT WAS A ***PAINTING***) ...IT WAS ABOUT 6 FEET IN LENGTH... BY TWO AND A HALF IN BREADTH... BUT EVEN ITS ENTRY ONTO THE SHIP WAS OF SOME MYSTERY TO ME, FOR IT WAS NOT PUT INTO THEIR "SPARE-ROOM" AT ***ALL***, BUT INTO HIS ***OWN CABIN***... ...SUCH MYSTERIES ***COMPOUNDED*** THROUGHOUT MY TRIP, AS I AM NOW BOUND TO TELL AS I BEGIN MY TALE OF:

WRITTEN BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARO NAVA

...AS WYATT'S PARTY BOARDED I WAS INTRODUCED AROUND... THERE WERE THE TWO SISTERS, THE BRIDE, AND THE ARTIST - THE LATTER IN ONE OF HIS CUSTOMARY FITS OF MOODY MISANTHROPY... MRS. WYATT WAS CLOSELY VEILED ...AND WHEN SHE REMOVED IT SHE ***ASTONISHED*** ME, FOR SHE WAS DECIDEDLY ***PLAIN***, IF NOT POSITIVELY ***UGLY***...

...WE THEN SET OUT TO SEA... AND FOR THE FIRST FEW DAYS WE HAD FINE WEATHER... MRS. WYATT MINGLED WITH THE OTHERS ON BOARD, BUT WYATT KEPT ENTIRELY TO HIMSELF WITHIN HIS ROOM...

...MRS. WYATT 'AMUSED' US ALL VERY MUCH... I SAY "AMUSED" - AND SCARCELY KNOW HOW TO EXPLAIN MYSELF... THE TRUTH IS SHE WAS LAUGHED ***AT*** NOT '***WITH***'...

...THE GENTLEMEN SAID ***LITTLE*** ABOUT HER BUT THE LADIES PRONOUNCED HER "A GOOD HEARTED THING, RATHER INDIFFERENT-LOOKING, ***TOTALLY UNEDUCATED***, AND DECIDEDLY ***VULGAR***"... I COULD NOT IMAGINE HOW A MAN LIKE WYATT, AN ***ARTIST*** SO ***SENSITIVE*** TO ***BEAUTY***, COULD ***MARRY*** SOMEONE SO ***GROTESQUE*** IN BOTH ***BEAUTY*** AND ***MANNER***

...WYATT CAME OUT AFTER A FEW DAYS AND TALKED WITH ME... NATURALLY I ASKED HIM ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE OBLONG BOX. AND SAID SOMETHING ABOUT: "THE PECULIAR *SHAPE* OF THE BOX"...

...AS I SPOKE THE WORDS. I SMILED 'KNOWINGLY'. WINKED AND TOUCHED HIM GENTLY WITH MY FOREFINGER IN THE RIBS... PRESUMING HE'D LAUGH AND ADMIT IT WAS LEONARDO'S ODD SHAPED 'LAST SUPPER' OR SOME SUCH VALUABLE. BUT HIS ONLY REPLY WAS ASTONISHMENT...

...HIS FACE GREW VERY RED, THEN PALE, AND HE LAUGHED TILL I THOUGHT HE WOULD *EXPLODE*... THEN HE FELL FLAT AND HEAVILY UPON THE DECK ...AND WHEN I RAN TO UPLIFT HIM, TO ALL APPEARANCES HE WAS *DEAD*...

"WHY DID YOU BECOME SO... UPSET... I ONLY INQUIRED AFTER YOUR *PAINTING*..?"

...WYATT WENT TO HIS STATEROOM THEN AND I DIDN'T SEE HIM FOR DAYS... BUT THAT *NIGHT* I SAW SOMETHING VERY CURIOUS TO EXPLAIN THE *EXTRA ROOM*...I SAW *MRS. WYATT* ENTER IT JUST BEFORE *MIDNIGHT*...

...I CREPT UP TO *WYATT'S* DOOR AND *HEARD* HIM *WITHIN*...FIRST THERE WAS THE SOUND OF A *MALLET* AND *CHISEL*, OBVIOUSLY *OPENING* THE OBLONG BOX... THEN THE NOISES OF HIS *SOBBING*, OR *MURMURING*, WHICH *LASTED UNTIL DAYBREAK!*

...THE NEXT NIGHT I OBSERVED *SAME THING*... AND ON THIS OCCASION *PEEPED* THROUGH THE *KEYHOLE* TO SEE *WYATT* IN CONVULSIVE *AGONY* OVER WHAT (I COULD NOT SEE) WAS IN THE BOX...

...THE NEXT DAY THE SEAS TURNED ROUGH AND A *GALE* ENVELOPED US... THEN A *HURRICANE* WHICH SPLIT US TO RIBBONS... TOSSING US ABOUT HOPELESSLY... WE WEATHERED THIS STORM FOR 24 HOURS, LOST THREE MEN, AND WERE ABOUT TO GIVE OURSELVES UP TO *GOD*, WHEN THE *MIZZEN-MAST*, IN A HEAVY LURCH TO WINDWARD, *CRASHED* DOWN UPON THE *DECK*, PRACTICALLY *TOPPLING* US ON OUR *SIDE*...

...WE HELD...AND THE GALE HELD... WE ATTEMPTED TO LIGHTEN OUR LOAD BY THROWING OVERBOARD AS MUCH OF THE CARGO AS COULD BE REACHED. BUT SHE WAS LEAKING AND WATER WAS GUSHING IN FURIOUSLY INTO THE HOLD...

...AT SUNDAWN, THE GALE HAD DIMINISHED IN VIOLENCE, AND, AS THE SEA WENT DOWN WITH IT. WE STILL ENTERTAINED HOPES OF SAVING OURSELVES... THANKFULLY AIDED BY A FULL MOON...

...WE LAUNCHED A LONG-BOAT AND CROWDED EVERYONE INTO IT... IT WAS A MYSTERY IT DID NOT SWAMP THE SECOND IT TOUCHED WATER...

...I MUST GO BACK... I MUST GO BACK...

...NO SOONER HAD WE PUSHED OURSELVES AWAY FROM THE SINKING SHIP THAN WYATT SEEMED TO AWAKE FROM A TRANCE AND JUMPED UP SCREAMING, ALMOST CAPSIZING US...

...ARE YOU MAD WYATT! SIT DOWN FOR GOD'S SAKE

...THE BOX...THE BOX, I SAY! CAPTAIN HARDY,...YOU CANNOT, YOU WILL NOT REFUSE ME...IT'S WEIGHT WILL BE BUT A TRIFLE...IT IS NOTHING...MERE NOTHING...
...BY THE MOTHER WHO BORE YOU...FOR THE LOVE OF HEAVEN...BY YOUR HOPE OF SALVATION...I IMPLORE YOU TO PUT BACK FOR THE BOX...
...WYATT INDEED SPRANG FROM THE BOAT AND RETURNED TO THE SHIP...
MR. WYATT...YOU ARE MAD! I CANNOT LISTEN TO YOU, SIT DOWN, I SAY, OR YOU WILL SWAMP THE BOAT...STAY ...HOLD HIM...SEIZE HIM
...THE CAPTAIN, FOR A MOMENT, SEEMED TOUCHED BY THE EARNEST APPEAL OF THE ARTIST, BUT HE REGAINED HIS STERN COMPOSURE.
...IN A MOMENT WE SAW HIM ENTER HIS CABIN AND DRAG OUT THE BOX. STRAP HIMSELF TO IT BY ROPE, JUMP INTO THE WATER
THEN
ATTACHED TO IT...
...WHY...HE SUNK!! BUT WHY? THE BOX WAS OF WOOD...WHY DID IT NOT FLOAT?
...THEY WILL RISE SOON...BUT...NOT TILL THE SALT MELTS!...

...HE WOULD SAY MORE INDICATING RESPECT FOR THE WIFE AND SISTERS OF THE DECEASED ON BOARD...WE LANDED AFTER 4 DAYS OF INTENSE DISTRESS
AND I BEGAN TO THINK I WOULD NEVER LEARN WHAT WAS IN IT...
...A MONTH LATER I RAN ACROSS THE CAPTAIN AND AS WE LUNCHED HE TOLD THE STORY OF THE BOX...
...THE WOMAN YOU KNEW AS MRS. WYATT, WAS NOT...SHE WAS ONLY A SERVANT PLAYING THE ROLE...THE DAY OF THE VOYAGE WYATT'S WIFE DIED...SHE WAS INDEED A LOVELY...BEAUTIFUL WOMAN...
WYATT WAS FRANTIC WITH GRIEF... BUT CIRCUMSTANCES FORBADE PUTTING OFF HIS NEW YORK TRIP..
NOW AS YOU KNOW, NO PASSENGER WOULD HAVE TRAVELLED UPON MY SHIP KNOWING A CORPSE WAS ABOARD...THUS... SHE WAS CONCEALED WITHIN THE BOX... HER COFFIN...
THE CAPTAIN EXPLAINED HE HAD PACKAGED THE CORPSE WITH A QUANTITY OF SALT TO PREVENT ITS DECOMPOSITION... AND THUS THE SIMPLE MYSTERY OF THE OBLONG BOX IS EXPLAINED...
...MY OWN MISTAKE WAS THE PROBLEM ...MY DISCOVERY OF ONLY SOME OF THE FACTS DURING THE VOYAGE... BUT NOW THAT I KNOW ALL-I SHUDDER!!! FOR I HEARD WYATT'S INSANE GIBBERING AND WHIMPERING AND SOBBING IN HIS CABIN...I SAW HIS CONVULSIONS ...I AM THE ONLY UNFORTUNATE PERSON WHO CAN CONJECTURE WHAT MADNESS... WHAT HORRORS DID HE COMMIT INSIDE HIS CABIN COME THE NIGHT!...

ARCHAIC SCREAM ANNOUNCEMENTS

. . . a special COMICS OPINION by reader DAVE SIM of Kitchener, Ontario who is commenting on the COMICS OPINION of JACK MONNINGER which appeared in PSYCHO #15 . . .

"For some time now, comic fans of all ages have been complaining that comic books do not have wide acceptance. They are not considered an art form . . . parents, teachers, and psychiatrists agree that they are garbage . . . an unnecessary and demeaning part of the average child's reading matter.

"However, one must consider what would happen if comic books did gain wide acceptance for the art that they are . . . scarcity on the newsstands would increase. If you think that your favorite title is hard to find today . . . what would it be like if every adult who reads the local newspaper, were to pick up PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE, SCREAM and countless others? (That's a problem we should HAVE . . . editor).

"I personally enjoy the "underground' quality of comics reading. No one really knows how many fans there are of comic art unless they ARE a fan . . . a good portion of the populations of Canada and the U.S. are even unaware that there ARE fans (as can be seen by newspaper articles like "SLAP BAM POW — Comics No longer for the Kiddies").

"As long as you are lucky enough to have parents who will let you buy comics (no matter what they think of them), so long as there are comic conventions and fanzines, there is no need to introduce hostile readers to comic books . . . there are enough open-minded people around who would read a comic book without having to be tied to a chair . . .!"

opinion - DAVE SIM

my favorite story this issue is :

.....

comment : .....

.....

name : ..... **age :** .....

address : .....

city n' other : .....

mail to : SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017 SCREAM #4

EC IS BACK

AND IT'S WEIRDER THAN EVER

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HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER IN!
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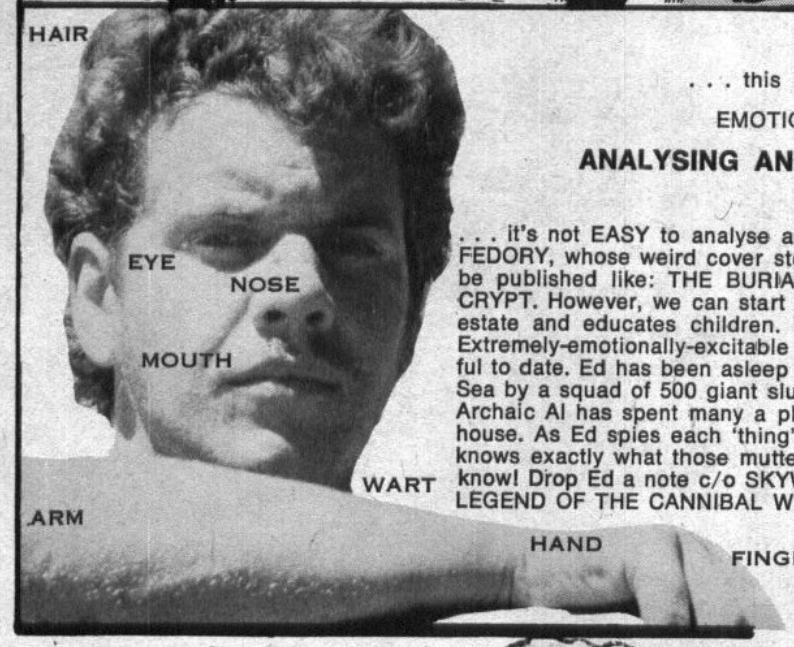
TALES FROM THE CRYPT
THE CRYPT OF TERROR
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
MARIA... SOD... MARIA!



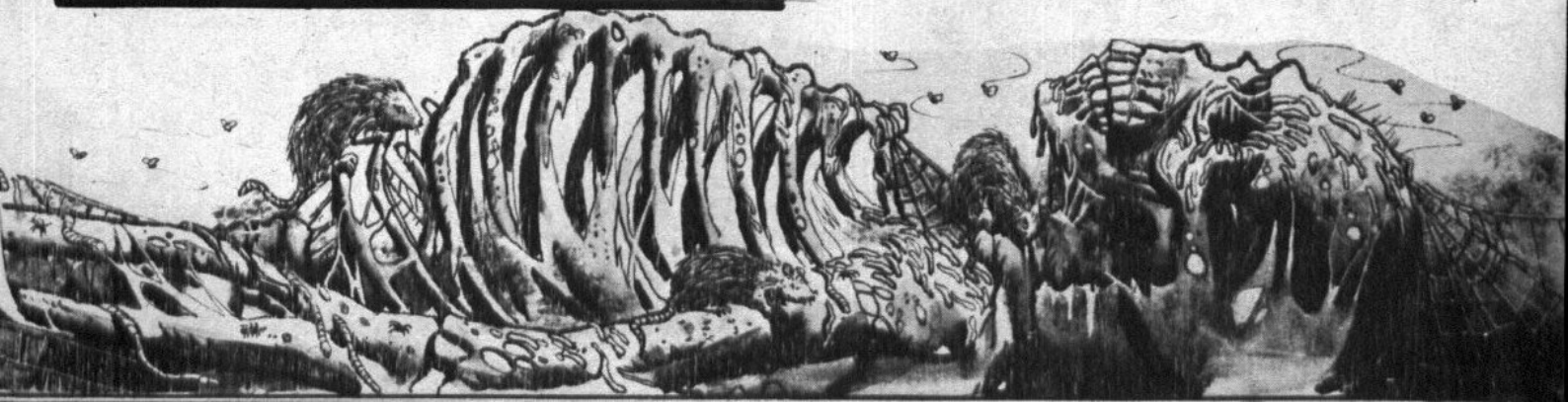
. . . this is the weird cover story writer . . .

EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY

ANALYSING AN EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED PERSON

. . . it's not EASY to analyse an emotionally-disturbed writer like Emotionally-disturbed ED FEDORY, whose weird cover story this issue is one of a long line of weird stories soon to be published like: THE BURIAL VAULT OF PRIMAL ELD and THE CRIME IN SATAN'S CRYPT. However, we can start by saying the guy lives on the edge of a swamp, sells real-estate and educates children. Wife Dreadfully-emotionally-disturbed Donna, and daughter Extremely-emotionally-excitable Evita, attempt to awake him daily, but have been unsuccessful to date. Ed has been asleep since 1944 when he was attacked near Tsinan in the Yellow Sea by a squad of 500 giant slugs. Despite this, Ed is an interesting fellow, and with editor Archaic Al has spent many a pleasant evening watching 'things exit the swamp nearby his house. As Ed spies each 'thing' he yells: "Hi Uncle Joe" or "Hi Uncle Frank" . . . nobody knows exactly what those mutterings mean but — then again — we don't really WANT to know! Drop Ed a note c/o SKYWALD and let him know if you enjoyed his cover story: THE LEGEND OF THE CANNIBAL WEREWOLVES.

-ARCHAIC AL-



... AND WITH THIS NIGHT BEING AS CLOUDY AND OBSCURE AS OUR STORY THUS FAR, SO WE START OUR TALE:

THE SKULL OF THE GHOUL

...LOOK CLOSELY NOW AT THIS SCENE... IS IT AS IT SEEMS?... OR, IS IT SOMEWHAT DECEIVING?... THE ANSWER FOLLOWS AS PART ONE OF OUR 2-PART TALE BEGINS (COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE) SO GRAB HOLD OF YOUR SENSE OF REASON BECAUSE IN THIS MACABRE-MIND-DESTROYING-TALE NOTHING IS AS IT SEEMS...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON ILLUSTRATED BY SOSTRES

...SHE CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR...

...WHAT'S WRONG?...
...WHY HAVE WE STOPPED?...
...I'M ABOUT TO FIND OUT... DON'T GO ANYWHERE ANNETTE, JUST STAY PUT IN YOUR SEAT...
...SURE...
AS IF I COULD GO ANYWHERE WITH THESE HAND MANACLES CHAINING ME TO THE SEAT...
LORD HE'S DEAD... THE DRIVER IS STONE-COLD-DEAD...
...FELL RIGHT ONTO THE HORSES...
...VERY... VERY... EASILY...
...WHY'D HE DIE?
...HE'S AN OLD MAN... LOOKS LIKE A HEART ATTACK I THINK...
...HEY...
...HOW'D YOU GET UNCHAINED?
...I USED A HAIRPIN...

...THE DRIVER'S DEATH WAS A STROKE OF LUCK... IF HE HADN'T DECIDED TO DIE OF OLD AGE THEN TONIGHT WOULD'VE BEEN MY LAST NIGHT OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF PRISON...
...BUT YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD GIRL DOWN...
...I'M FREE AGAIN... THE NEXT RACKET I GET INTO HAS GOT TO BE A LITTLE MORE LUCRATIVE THAN THE ONE THAT ALMOST GOT ME 20 YEARS... I WASN'T CUT OUT TO BE A CON-ARTIST ANYHOW...
...RIGHT NOW I MUST THINK WHAT TO DO TONIGHT...
...THOSE LIGHTS IN THE DISTANCE LOOK WARM AND INVITING...AND IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT IT MAY BE AN EXCELLENT PLACE TO STAY TONIGHT...
HELP ME... SOMEONE HELP...
...PLEEESE...
WHAT'S WRONG?... WHAT IS IT?
...MY DRIVER...HAD A HEART ATTACK...HE'S DEAD... I WAS ON MY WAY TO BARCELONA...
...ALONE?...
...YES ALONE...EXCEPT FOR MY DRIVER BUT... BUT NOW HE'S DEAD!
...I WILL ATTEND TO YOUR COACH, WOMAN... LOOK TO THE DOORWAY THERE...
...THE COUNTESS IS WAITING TO GREET YOU...
...THE COUNTESS.?...
...I...AM COUNTESS SOSTRES...
...WELCOME TO SOSTRES MANSE ...YOU ARE OUR GUEST... ...COME...DON'T STAND THERE IN THE COLD OF THIS AWFUL NIGHT... COME IN... TAKE THE CHILL OUT OF YOUR BONES CHILD...
...VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME HERE...

...NOW BEGINS PART TWO OF OUR TALE...
...SHE DIED UPON A DECREPIT DAWN...
...COUNTESS SOSTRES... ...THANK YOU FOR EXTENDING YOUR HAND TO ME IN MY TIME OF TROUBLE...
NOT AT ALL MY DEAR... COME IN... WARM YOURSELF.. WOULD YOU CARE FOR SOME FOOD ... SOME WINE?
...IF IT'S NO TROUBLE COUNTESS... ...I'M FAMISHED...
MY MY... WHAT A BEAUTIFUL ROOM... SO MANY ...VALUABLE THINGS ARE HERE...
... YES...
...THEY ARE MY ONLY REAL COMPANY... WALDO, THE DWARF WHO GREETED YOU, IS NOT MUCH FOR COMPANIONSHIP IN THIS DESOLATE PLACE...
WELL... WHY DO YOU LIVE HERE THEN COUNTESS?
...IT WAS LEFT TO ME IN AN INHERITANCE...
...I DON'T NOW WHY I DON'T MOVE... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP THE PLACE CLEAN OR...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? DRACULA WAS ONLY A... MYTH... A SUPERSTITION...
...AH... I SEE YOU ADMIRING MY MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION...
WHAT?
...IT IS THE SKULL OF DRACULA!
SO SAY SOME...
...BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO KNOW THAT DRACULA WAS AS REAL AS YOU AND I... A FIEND WHO LIVED CENTURIES AGO IN WALLACHIA... KNOWN NOW AS TRANSYLVANIA...
...OH DRACULA WAS REAL ENOUGH ...AND HE WAS A VAMPIRE SURE ENOUGH...
...AND THIS...
...IS HIS SKULL...
...IT'S MACABRE...
...WHAT IS IT COUNTESS?...

IT IS MY MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION...
...IT WOULD BE WORTH MILLIONS TO THE RIGHT COLLECTOR...
HOWEVER...I'VE BEEN NEGLECTFUL... LET ME GET YOU THE FOOD AND WINE I OFFERED...
...AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOUR ROOM IS PREPARED FOR THE NIGHT... WALDO WILL DRIVE YOU ON TO BARCELONA IN THE MORNING...
...I'VE GOT TO THINK OF A WAY TO TAKE THIS FROM THE COUNTESS...I HAVE...A...'MAN'... I KNOW IN BARCELONA WHO WILL SELL IT FOR ME...
...THIS CENTURY-OLD THING IS MAGNIFICENT... ...IT DOES INDEED NEAR TURN MY STOMACH TO LOOK AT IT BUT...BY GOD IT'S BEAUTIFUL IN A DECADENT KIND OF WAY...
...IF I CAN TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THIS SITUATION... I CAN PROVIDE MYSELF WITH AN ALTERNATIVE TO IMPRISONMENT...
...WERE I TO CONTINUE AS I AM NOW, I WOULD SURELY BE CAUGHT IN TIME...
...BUT WERE I TO BE ENDOWED WITH A FORTUNE FROM THE SALE OF THIS WRETCHED SKULL, I COULD -- ESCAPE TO ANOTHER COUNTRY...
HERE MY DEAR... NOW EAT... DRINK... AND FORGET YOUR WORRIES...
YOU ARE SO KIND COUNTESS...
...SO VERY... VERY...KIND...

...AND THERE IS ONLY ***ONE*** WAY TO DO ***THAT*** ... TO LEAVE ***BEFORE*** THEY WOULD HAVE ***REASON*** TO SUSPECT ME... DURING THE ***NIGHT***...

...I MUST FIRST ***OBTAIN*** THE SKULL...

...THEN I'LL RELEASE A HORSE FROM THE ***STABLE*** ... THE COUNTESS CLAIMS SHE LIVES ***ALONE*** WITH THE ***DWARF***... SO THERE SHOULD BE NO-ONE TO ***CONTEND*** WITH...

NOW... I NEED A ***PLAN*** OF ***ESCAPE*** FROM THIS ***SWAMP-MANSE*** ONCE I OBTAIN THE ***SKULL***...

...I NEED TO KNOW ***HOW*** I CAN ESCAPE WITHOUT ***AROUSING SUSPICION***...

...I CAN MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT BEFORE ANYONE IS ANY THE WISER...

... AND IF I ***SHOULD*** MEET OPPOSITION FROM THE COUNTESS OR THE DWARF...

...IT WILL BE ***THEIR*** MISFORTUNE...

...NOT ***MINE***...

...FOR THIS ***PISTOL*** I STOLE FROM THE ***GUARD*** WHEN I KILLED HIM WILL SERVE AS MY ***ACCOMPLICE***...

...IS THAT VOICES I HEAR?...
... MUMBLING?...
SOSTRES
...IT MUST BE... IT MUST BE WALDO AND THE COUNTESS STILL AWAKE... ...BUT... IT MUST BE 4 o'CLOCK IN THE MORNING ALREADY...
I WISH I COULD HEAT WHAT THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT...
...SHE PLANS TO STEAL ME...
...STEAL ME?...
...SHE COMES EVEN NOW...
WHAT ON EARTH?...
THERE SHE IS... SEE HER?
SO... COME OUT MY DEAR... YOU ARE DISCOVERED... AND FURTHER DECEIT ON YOUR PART IS QUITE POINTLESS...
MY DEAR LORD!!

YOU...YOU TALKED WITH THE SKULL...
...I DID...
...AS IT TALKED WITH ME...
SHE IS STILL HOSTILE...
...HAVE THE DWARF RESTRAIN HER...
...UGHH...
...LET ME EXPLAIN CERTAIN...THINGS... ...FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT MY DEAR...
...IT CAN READ MY MIND...IT CAN UNDERSTAND MY THOUGHTS...
...THIS IS THE SKULL OF DRACULA STILL ALIVE... OR SHOULD I SAY... RE-BORN...
...BUT HOW?
WE OWE HER NO EXPLANATIONS...
...PERHAPS NOT... BUT IT WILL BE AMUSING TO SEE THE EXPRESSIONS OF HORROR COME ACROSS HER FACE AS HER AGONY IS COMPOUNDED BY A TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF THE HORRORS...
...THO IT IS THE SKULL OF THE MASTER VAMPIRE...IT IS VALUABLE ONLY TO ME... FOR THE MIND AND THE BRAIN OF DRACULA ARE ALIVE...
...YOU SEE CHILD, VLAD PRACTICED NECROMANCY, IN EXPECTATION THAT HE WOULD BE MURDERED, AND THEREFORE PRESUMED HIS STUDIES IN ALCHEMY WOULD LET HIM LIVE AFTER DEATH...
...SAVE ONE UNEXPECTED COMPLICATION... THOSE PRIESTS WHO MURDERED HIM ANTICIPATED SUCH A COME-BACK, AND AS THEY THRUST A STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART THEY ALSO BEHEADED DRACULA...

SO... AFTER HIS DEATH HIS PLAN TO LIVE-AGAIN WAS THWARTED...
...HIS BODY IS IN ASHES...
...NOW HIS HEAD NEEDS THE AID OF A SERVANT... ME... TO BE FUNCTIONAL AND OF ANY PURPOSE...
WHO ARE YOU?...
...WHY DO YOU LIVE OUT HERE IN THIS WILDERNESS?...
...I AM WHO I SAID AS YOU ENTERED THIS MANSE...
...AND I AM ALSO...
...THE ETERNAL SERVANT OF THE SKULL OF THE MASTER GHOUL...
...I AM HIS MASTER'S SERVANT NOW AS I HAVE BEEN FOR CENTURIES SINCE HIS VERY DEATH...
...BUT THAT MEANS...
...THAT MEANS THAT YOU...
...THAT YOU ARE ALSO A...A...
YOU STUTTER UPON THAT WORD?
YES... I AM ALSO OF THE MASTER'S KIND...
...A VAMPIRESS...
...BUT... THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE...
...WE HAVE BEEN AMUSED... ...NOW, DO AS YOU MUST WITH HER...
NO... NOT JUST YET...
YOU CAN'T BE A VAMPIRESS...
...HOW DO YOU EXIST OUT HERE IN THIS WILDERNESS?
...IF LEGEND IS CORRECT... THE VAMPIRE NEEDS BLOOD TO LIVE...
...YES... THAT IS TRUE...
...BUT HOW DO YOU GET IT?...

...WELL...ON THIS MORN I HAVE YOURS CHILD..
...BUT...ON OTHER NIGHTS IT IS NOT SO PLENTIFUL... IT IS USUALLY OLD BLOOD OFTEN DISEASED AND NEAR ROTTED BY LIQUOR...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
...YOUR BLOOD WILL BE MUCH FRESHER THAN THE OLD MEN I AM USED TO...
...OLD MEN?...
...MY USUAL DIET IS THE INFREQUENT PASSERBY ON THE NEARBY HIGHWAY... USUALLY JUST AN OLD MAN DRIVING A COACH...
...LIKE YOUR COACH MAN LAST NIGHT...
...MY GOD... IT WAS YOU...
...AND NOW... IF YOU WILL FORGIVE ME...THE MASTER AND I ARE A LITTLE RUSHED FOR TIME, FOR EVEN NOW THE DAWN BEGINS AND SHORTLY WE MUST TAKE OUR REST...
...SO PLEASE STRUGGLE... LET US ENJOY YOUR YOUTH AND VITALITY...
...NOW?..
...YES... NOW MASTER...

The LEGEND of the Cannibal WERE-WOLF

WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE

YES, YES!! THE FINEST HUNT OF MY CAREER, T'WAS! NEVER EXPERIENCED A MORE INTELLIGENT ANIMAL!
UNDOUBTEDLY, THIS ADVANCED INSTINCT STEMS FROM ITS OBVIOUS PRIMITIVE HUMAN CHARACTERISTICS... HYENA AND HUMAN...
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, SIR PERCY... GOT IT!
CLICK!
A STRANGE HYBRID MAN TAKEN FROM THE DARKEST AFRICA! THE READERS WILL LOVE IT. TELL US OF THE HUNT!

YES, THE HUNT! THAT TRIBUTE TO MAN'S SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE. THAT WONDERFUL POSSESSION THAT SHAPES HIS DESTINY AS LEADER OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM! YOU SHALL HAVE THE WHOLE STORY...
FINE!
BUT FIRST, A DRINK...
SOUNDS GREAT!
A TOAST... TO THE SECOND MOST BEAUTIFUL SPECIES IN THE WORLD!
A GROTESQUE, YET BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL INDEED. SUCH A FINE STATE OF PRESERVATION.
THE EYES, THEY APPEAR FLUID... ALIVE!
ALL THE CREDIT GOES TO THE TAXIDERMIST. THEY'VE DONE A GOOD JOB ON MY PET!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY ANIMAL WITH CLAWS SO HUGE! IT'S A GOOD THING IT DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO USE THEM...ON YOU!
I HAD LITTLE TO FEAR, AS THE HYENA IS SELDOM KNOWN TO ATTACK LIVING CREATURES...
THEY EAT THE DEAD LEFT BY OTHER PREDATORS...THEY'RE GHOULS!
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH QUESTIONS FOR THE WHILE! LET'S RELAX, AND I'LL GET ON WITH THE TALE OF HOW I CAPTURED THIS MAGNIFICENT BRUTE!

"AYE, T'WAS BUT TWO YEARS PAST, THAT MYSELF AND A STREAM OF BANYAI PORTERS BLADED AND TRUDGED THROUGH THE EMERALD JUNGLE OF THE NORTHERN CONGO.
"AS A MONTH OF TOILS ECLIPSED, WE CAME UPON THE WAMBUTTU VILLAGE. I HAD HOPED TO FIND THE ONE WHO COULD ANSWER MY QUESTIONS.
WATEITA! WATEITA!
WATEITA?
YOU SAY THAT IS THE PLACE WHERE I SHALL FIND THEM?
A SCANT DAY'S MARCH FROM HERE! SOON THE PRIZE SHALL BE MINE!
"AS I PUSHED THE SABLE SKIN TO ONE SIDE, I SAW AN ELDERLY MAN, SURROUNDED BY GODDESSES OF NUBIAN BEAUTY! WATEITA, THE TOOTHLESS TRIBAL ELDER, THE POSSESSOR OF SECRETS, GUARDIAN OF ELDRITCH ANSWERS!
WATEITA! AT LAST!

"THROUGHOUT THE STILL AND **SNARL-SHROUDED** NIGHT **HE SPOKE!** MANY TIMES HE CAME TO A **DEATHLY** AND ABRUPT SILENCE, WHILE HE **LISTENED** TO THE CLANDESTINE ACTIVITY IN THE JUNGLES. OFTEN HIS **NARRATIVE** WAS PUNCTUATED WITH A MASK OF **FEAR** THAT SPREAD ACROSS HIS ANCIENT VISAGE. AND WHEN THE FIRST CAST RAYS OF THE ORANGE AFRICAN SUN SEEPED ACROSS THE JUNGLE, I **DEPARTED...**

"**WATEITA** SPOKE ONLY WITH HIS **EYES**, AND EVEN THEY WERE **MUTE!**

"THAT VERY **AFTERNOON** WE DISCOVERED THE FIRST **CLAW** AND **PAD** TRACKS OF OUR **FEARLESS GAME...**

THESE ARE **ITS** TRACKS!

THEY'RE **FRESH!...** ONLY A **COUPLE OF HOURS OLD!**

ZABUNDA!! ZABUNDA!!

"I SAW THE **STAIN** OF **FEAR** SPREAD... THEY SENSED POSSIBLE **SLAUGHTER** AHEAD! SOON THE NIGHT WOULD COME ...THEIR **FEARS** WOULD **GROW...**"

I ONLY HOPE THEY STAND THEIR GROUND... WHEN THE **TIME** IS AT **HAND...**

KKKARRUUU KKARRUU KKARRUU
"WITH GREAT ANXIETY AND DETERMINATION, MY SENSES REELED... THE NIGHT USHERED ME TO DEEP AND FATHOMLESS SLEEP... AND I DID NOT HEAR THE COMMOTION OUTSIDE...
"THE NEXT MORNING..."
GONE! EVERY ONE OF THEM! MAY THEIR GODS TAKE AND PROTECT THEM... THOSE COWARDLY FOOLS!
WHO NEEDS THEM?
I SHALL CAPTURE THE BEAST...
ALONE!
STRANGE, HOW THE JUNGLE QUIET...
SOME-THING IS ABOUT!
KKRAAAKKK! KKRAAKK!
HUNNH??
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

"TOO LATE DID I SEE THOSE DUAL PITS OF HATRED WATCHING ME... TOO LATE!
KKRAAAGHHHH HHHRROOAAA
AAARGHHH
BWAAAM
"I WAS ENVELOPED WITHIN A FETID MIST OF EXCREMENT, MATTED HAIR, AND CHARNEL BREATH!
THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE... I'VE GOT TO REACH THAT... GUN!!
TH-THOSE EYES! TH-THEY LOOK ALMOST HUMAN!!
GRRAUGHH
RAAUGHH
GRAAUGHH
RRAAUUGHH
AAARGHHH
"THEN FOR ONCE, STILLNESS REIGNED SUPREME WITHIN THE JUNGLE GREENS... WHILE A MUTE EYE OFFERED REST TO A WEARY FLY!"

I THOUGHT I HAD BOUGHT TIME THAT TIME!
BUT, I AWOKE TO A PAINLESS SENSE OF SECURITY! I GUESS YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND THAT!
I GUESS ONE COULD SAY THAT I BECAME LINKED TO THAT BEAUTIFUL FURRED CREATION
...BODY AND BLOOD... IF NOT SPIRIT AND SOUL...
I THINK THAT DRINK DID BOTH OF YOU WONDERS...
RELAXED YOUR MINDS, YOUR LUNGS AND STILLED YOUR HEARTS!
I KNEW THE LOOK IN THOSE EYES WERE ALMOST HUMAN... IT WAS NOT THE TARNISHED GAZE OF HATRED I SAW IN THEIR DEPTHS... BUT ONE OF LOVE!
SHE HAD NO DESIRE TO KILL ME!
ALL SHE DESIRED WAS A...
MATE!!

A STRANGE TINGLING SENSATION AROUSES WITHIN THE MOUTH, AND LUST OF CARRION DEVOURS REASON, THE MOUTH SALIVATES AS STIFF FLESH IS PRESSED TO HUNGER-RIDDEN LIPS...THE AROMA OF A HIDEO-FEAST FILLS THEIR NOSTRILS...A FLESHY FRAGMENT IS LOLLED ACROSS A BROAD TONGUE AND ITS FLAVOR IS TYPED BY PERVERTED TASTE BUDS...
GRAAGHHHH
RRAAGHHH
GGRRAGHH
RRAGHH
RRAAGGHH
GRAAAGGG
GRRAAGGHH
GRAAAGGH
...IT IS...
GOOD!!
RICARDO VILLAMONTE

...MAN, IT IS SAID, IS USUALLY AT HIS BEST WHEN HE'S ALONE...
...THE TROUBLE WITH MAN, IT IS SAID, IS THAT USUALLY HE IS FOUND IN GROUPS...
...AND EMMANUEL HUMPHREY WILL MEET ONE SUCH AWFUL GROUP SHORTLY AND BECOME:
WRITTEN BY HOWIE ANDERSON
ILLUSTRATED BY CESAR LOPEZ
...THIS IS EMMANUEL HUMPHREY... AND HE IS NOW ALONE...
...OH GIVE ME A HOME
...WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM!...
...AND THE DEER AND THE COCKROACHES PLAY!...
THE UNATCHUMMY
CESAR VERA '73

...NOTHIN' LIKE THE WILD BLUE OPEN DESERT WHEN YOU WANNA BE ALONE FOR AHILE...
...NOTHIN' LIKE IT...
...NOTHIN' LIKE IT...
...NO SIREE ...NOTHIN' LIKE IT...
...GETTIN' DARK... GUESS I'D BETTER FIND SOME TREES OR AN OASIS TO BED DOWN FOR TH' NIGHT...
...THIS LOOKS GOOD...
...I'LL SET UP MY TENT...
...AND GRAB SOME SHUT-EYE...
...QUIET ...HE'S ASLEEP...
...GET THE FIRE GOING...
...GET INTO YOUR COSTUMES... ...HURRY...BEFORE HE WAKES...

MY GOD JESUS!
...WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
RESTRAIN HIM!
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?
HARMHAB!!
HARMHAB!!
HARMHAB-HEED US!!
...ON THIS, YOUR ANNIVERSARY, EFFENDI HARMHAB-- WE PRESENT YOU OUR OFFERING... ...THIS MAN... THIS HUMAN...
...ARE YOU GUYS NUTS? WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

...HOW SHALL WE MURDER HIM EFFENDI? WITH A ROPE BY THE NECK?...
...DRAGGING HIM BEHIND A HORSE? OR HIS OWN MOTOR VEHICLE?...
MURDER?
...THERE MUST BE A MORE INGENIOUS MANNER OF MURDER FOR SO AUSPICIOUS AN OCCASION AS THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF PHARAOH HARMHAB!...
...WE COULD LET HIM BE BURIED ALIVE!
BURIED ALIVE?
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! THE AMERICAN CONSUL WILL HAVE YOU IN JAIL THE REST OF YOUR LIVES!
GAG HIM!
GOD... I NEVER SHOULD'A COME TO THIS WRETCHED COUNTRY... IT'S RUN BY A BUNCH OF CREEPS...
...FOREIGN INFIDEL... ...WE CARE NOT WHAT YOU SAY OR THINK... KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED OR WE'LL GAG IT...
...THE AMERICAN CONSUL WILL NEVER HEAR OR SEE YOU EVER AGAIN, UNFORTUNATE AMERICAN... SO DO NOT EXPECT HIS SYMPATHY... OR HIS VENGEANCE...
MMMMPH!

WHAT SAY YOU EFFENDI? SHALL WE BURY HIM ALIVE THEN..? TO BE SUFFOCATED AS TRIBUTE TO HARMHAB?
NO... THERE IS AN OLD AND AWFUL CUSTOM WHICH THIS AMERICAN KNOWS WELL, IF HE KNOWS THE TORTURES OF THE AMERICAN RED INDIANS...
...HE WILL BE BURIED...
...AND ALIVE...
...BUT HE WILL NOT DIE BY SUFFOCATION... ...THE VULTURES AND THE REPTILES AND THE SUN WILL KILL HIM WHILE HE IS HELPLESSLY RESTRAINED UNDER THE GROUND...
...REMOVE HIS GAG... LET HIM SCREAM NOW...
MY GOD... YOU'RE ALL MAD...
...YOU FIENDS... HOW CAN YOU TORTURE A FELLOW-MAN WITHOUT FEELING?... HAVE YOU NO CONSCIENCE...
...WE DO THIS IN THE NAME OF HARMHAB... A VIOLENT AND PASSIONATELY EVIL PHARAOH WHO WOULD ENJOY IT...
...WE DO IT NOT FOR US... BUT FOR HIM...

...WATCH NOW...
...A REPTILE APPROACHES...
...ITS VENOM WILL ROT HIS BRAIN EVEN AS THE SUN MELTS HIS MIND...
WAIT!
...QUICKLY... KILL IT... KILL THE REPTILE...
GOOD...
...NOW REMOVE HIM FROM THAT PIT... THERE IS A MUCH BETTER TORTURE I HAVE DEVISED...
...MORE SIGNIFICANT...
...BUT WHAT EFFENDI?
WAS NOT PHARAOH HARMHAB HIMSELF MURDERED?... WAS NOT HE MUMMIFIED ALIVE BY HIS SUBJECTS SEEKING REVENGE FOR HIS ACTS AGAINST THEM?...
...IS IT NOT THEN... OBVIOUS... HOW THIS SACRIFICE MIGHT BE OFFERED TO ITS BEST ADVANTAGE...
...YES EFFENDI... IT IS OBVIOUS!...

...HE WAKES EFFENDI...
...NO MATTER...
UOHH!
OH LORD!
OH LORD!
NOW... BURY HIM AGAIN!!
GOD NO ...NO!
MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON ME!
...MAY PHARAOH HARMHAB HAVE MERCY ON YOU... WRETCH... GOD IS NOT-INVOLVED...

NOW... LET US LEAVE HIM TO ROT...
WILL THE AUTHORITIES FIND HIM DO YOU THINK?
...PERHAPS...
...PERHAPS NOT...
...WHAT DOES IT MATTER?...
...THE AUTHORITIES...
...EACH MAN FOR HIMSELF...

WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THE AMERICAN SIR?
...WE FIND HIM...
...THAT WAS OUR MISSION...TO NOTIFY HIM OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL'S WISH TO SEE HIM ABOUT SOME MATTER-OR-OTHER...
...THAT WE RAN INTO THOSE RELIGIOUS FANATICS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH OUR COMPLETING OUR MISSION...
SIR...COULD HE BE IN THERE?
...HE COULD BE ANYWHERE...
...THE SAHARA IS A MONSTROUS SIZE...
...GREAT MOHAMED!... WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?
...THEY... ARE MAD...
...MAD..
THEY BURIED ME ALIVE...
...WHAT IS THIS?
...IN GOD'S NAME SAVE ME... THEY MEANT TO MURDER ME!
...THEY HAVE WRAPPED HIM IN THE GUISE OF A MUMMY...
...SAVE ME... SAVE ME...

...SAVE ME... SAVE ME...
...HE'S... MAD SIR... HE'S BECOME... A... LUNATIC...
...HIS BODY IS NOTHING BUT DUST... HOW IS IT POSSIBLE?...
...SOMEHOW... HE WAS ALIVE WITHIN THE MUMMIFIED WRAPPINGS... SOMEHOW... HE STAYED ALIVE AGAINST THE ODDS OF NATURE...
...WE UNWRAPPED THE BANDAGES...
...AND WE EXPOSED HIS DEAD BODY TO HIS NAKED MIND...
...HE IS... DEAD... AND NOW THAT HE KNOWS HE IS DEAD ... HE WILL DIE AGAIN...
...SAVE ME FROM THE MADMEN...
...SAVE ME...
...SAVE ME... THEY ARE MAD... THEY TRIED TO MURDER ME...

...SEVERAL YEARS AGO TWO YOUNG NEWSPAPER REPORTERS WERE VACATIONING IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE MIGHTS **ANDES** IN **PERU**... THEIR NAMES WERE THOMSON AND MEEKES... WHAT THEY DISCOVERED...OR...WHAT THEY **SAY** THEY DISCOVERED... IS WHAT THIS REPORT IS ALL ABOUT...

THE VAMPIRE KINGDOM

DOMINGO

...THEY **CLAIMED** TO HAVE DISCOVERED A WRETCHED, HALF-BURIED **CITY** HIDDEN IN AN OBSCURE **VALLEY**... IT WAS NOT A **BIG** CITY, THEY WROTE, BUT IT WAS THE **STRANGEST** PLACE THEY'D EVER SET EYES ON... FOR AFTER **STUDYING** THE **NATURE** OF THE RUINS, THEY CAME UPON SEVERAL **DISTURBING CONCLUSIONS**...

...**THIS** IS AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF THOSE **CONCLUSIONS**...

...THEY CLAIMED THE CITY WAS POPULATED BY AN **ADVANCED CIVILIZATION**... FAR MORE **MATURED** THAN **OURS**, IN TERMS OF **CULTURE** IF NOT TECHNOLOGY...BUT A SOCIETY **DEVOTED** TO **EVIL**...

...IT'S **CITIZENS** WERE A RACE OF MUTATED **HUMANS** WHO WERE UNDOUBTEDLY **VAMPIRES**... THEY WERE CLOSER TO **BATS** THAN TO **HUMANS**, FOR THEY HAD **GROWTHS** ON THEIR **SHOULDERS** ENABLING **FLIGHT**... WERE ALMOST TOTALLY **BLIND**... AND **EXISTED** THROUGH A **BLOOD-DIET** DERIVED, PRESUMABLY, BY PERIODIC VISITS TO NEIGHBORING TOWNS AND CITIES AT **NIGHT**...

...**CONCLUSIONS** WHICH WERE **SUBSTANTIATED** WHEN THEY COLLECTED AND PIECED TOGETHER SKELETONS OF ITS SO-CALLED 'INHABITANTS'...

...HOW OR WHY THE CIVILIZATION DIED THEY DID NOT SPECULATE... AND **WILL** NOT...

...**WILL** NOT... FOR THEY **CANNOT**... **MEEKES** AND **THOMSON** NEVER LEFT THAT JUNGLE **ALIVE**...

...WHILE **RETURNING** TO **LIMA** THEY WERE ATTACKED BY SOME KIND OF VICIOUS **ANIMALS**... ANIMALS TOO **POWERFUL** TO BE EVEN **WOUNDED** BY THEIR REPEATED **GUNFIRE**...

...**WHAT** IT WAS THAT ATTACKED THEM IS **UNKNOWN**... THEY WERE FOUND BESIDE THEIR **EMPTY** GUNS... THE FILM IN THEIR CAMERAS WAS **SPOILED** BECAUSE OF THE **INTENSE HEAT** OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN **SUN**, BUT THEIR **STORY** SURVIVES IN **DOCUMENTS** FOUND IN THEIR **KNAPSACKS**... THEY WERE NEWSPAPER REPORTERS... AND THEY RECORDED THEIR STORY **WELL** IN THEIR MANY **NOTES** OF THEIR **EXPERIENCE**...

...BUT IT LEADS TO **SPECULATION** ON **OUR** PART...

...ONE OF THE MOST **FAMOUS** OF LOCAL **PERUVIAN SUPERSTITIONS** IS ABOUT A **MAN-BAT!** A **THING** THAT ATTACKS **HUMANS** BY NIGHT... A **THING** THAT IS UNDENIABLY A **VAMPIRE**... AND A **KIND** OF **BAT**, TOO **HUGE** TO BE ANYTHING BUT **MUTATED**...

...PERHAPS THE **MAN-BAT** IS **REALLY** A **SURVIVOR** OF THE **VAMPIRE-KINGDOM**... PERHAPS HE IS NOT THE **ONLY** ONE TO **SURVIVE**... AND PERHAPS... JUST PERHAPS... THERE IS **ANOTHER** CITY SOMEWHERE HIDDEN... WHERE ITS 'INHABITANTS' ARE NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS, THAN **HUMAN-VAMPIRE BATS**...

...CHAPTER FOUR OF THE TALES OF NOSFERATU BEGINS HERE...

...NOSFERATU IS THIS THING IN HEROIC HUMAN-GUISE... WITHIN THIS DECEIVING BODY IS A MIND AT ONCE WEIRD AND DERANGED... SO FEARED THAT A SINGLE COMMAND FROM NOSFERATU CAN SUMMON THE DEAD OUT OF THEIR GRAVES TO COME TELL HIM THEIR MACABRE TALES...

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON ILLUSTRATED BY ZESAR

...THIS IS RUSSIAN ANTON DUBCHEK... COME TO TELL HIS STORY OF HIS DAYS AS A PRISON CAMP COMMANDER IN SIBERIA... HE WEARS THE MASK OF A PIG...

...THIS IS BRAZILIAN SEÑOR RAMON VORSE... ONCE A RENOWNED TREASURE HUNTER--HE DIED WHILE SALVAGING SPANISH GOLD FROM THE WRECK OF A SUNKEN GALLEON...

...JACQUES DUPOIN FROM FRANCE... HE CAME OUT OF THE PARIS SEWERS AND WORE THE MASK OF A RAT TO HEED NOSFERATU'S CALL...

...THIS IS THE ONCE-FAMED WEREWOLF OF MADRID... FERNANDO DOMÁ OF SPAIN WEARING THE HEAD OF A WOLF...

...SIR DONALD EDWARDS... THE FAMED CAT BURGLAR OF LONDON IN ENGLAND...

...HORSCH HEINDRICH... SATANIST CULT LEADER IN HIS NATIVE GERMANY -- HE WEARS THE MASK OF A GOAT!

...ANTIE MAE DIPPIE... FROM DOWN-UNDER AUSTRALIA -- A MASS MURDERER -- SHE WEARS THE MASK OF DEATH -- A DECAYING ANIMAL SKULL...

...THESE EVIL DEAD THINGS HAVE YET TO TELL THEIR TALES... IT IS UP TO NOSFERATU TO SAY WHEN... WHOSE STORY IS TO BE TOLD NOW?... THE RAT'S? THE CAT'S, THE SHARK'S... WHOSE TALE NOW?

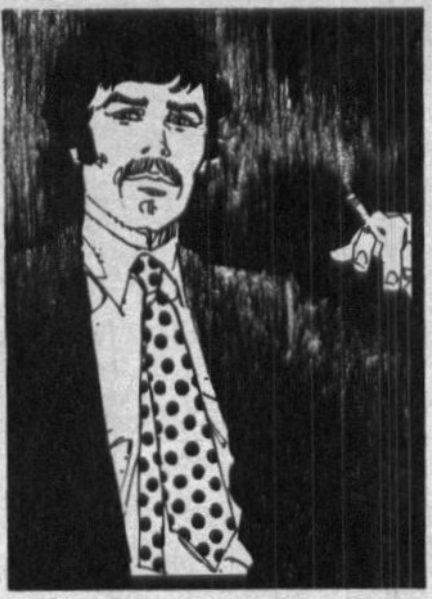
...YOU... ...WEREWOLF... ...IT IS YOUR TURN TO TELL YOUR TALE...

...I... AM FERNANDO DOMA... MY TALE IS NOT AN EASY ONE TO TELL... ...AS YOU WILL LEARN...AS YOU WILL LEARN... ...MY TALE IS ONE OF PERSONAL AGONY... AND INCREDIBLE TORMENT... FOR...

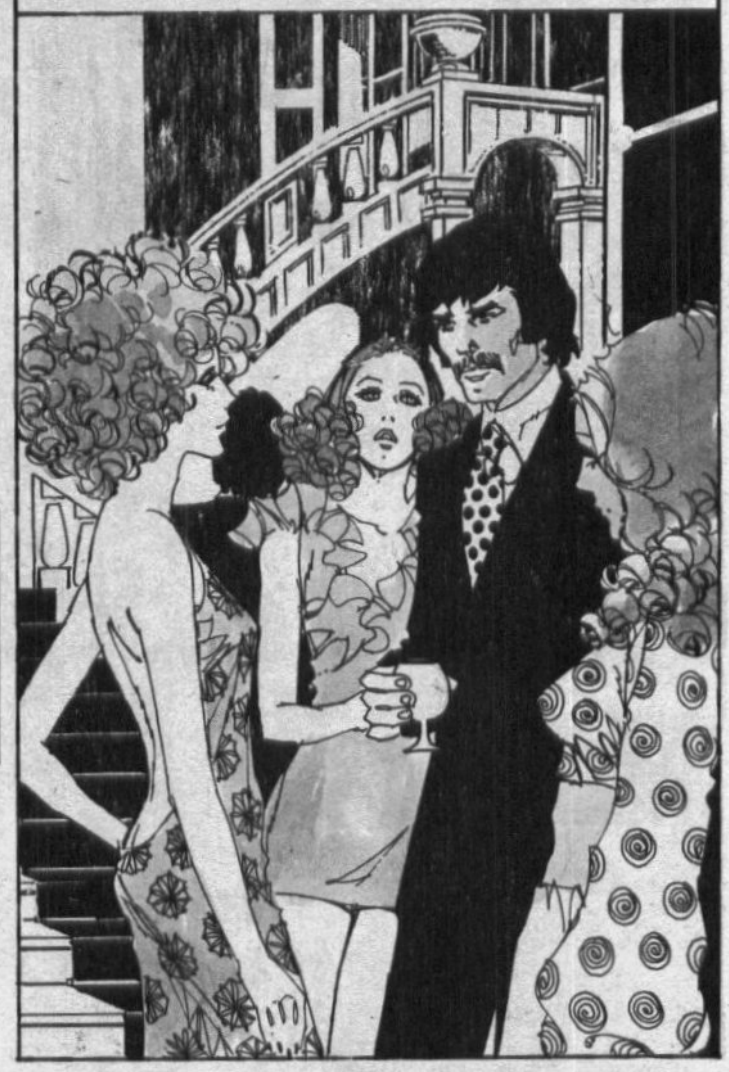
...WHEN THE DUSK FALLS --SO DOES DEATH...

...THUS BEGINS CHAPTER 4 OF THE SAGA OF NOSFERATU

"... IN MADRID THERE IS NOT A MAN-ALIVE WHO DOES NOT KNOW THE NAME FERNANDO DOMA... BUT IT IS NOT A NAME TO EVOKE HORROR, BUT STRANGELY-RESPECT, FOR UNTIL ONLY RECENTLY I WAS A RESPECTED AND EDUCATED YOUNG SOCIALITE..."



"... MY FATHER HAD MONEY AND POWER -- AND I USED MY INHERITANCE AT THE AGE OF 23, TO ESTABLISH MYSELF AS THE MOST ELIGIBLE BACHELOR IN THE CITY..."



"... ALL WOMEN WERE AT MY FEET - THERE WAS ONE WHO DEMANDED THE SAME ATTENTION AS I... ANASTASIA RUBIO... RICH... BEAUTIFUL..."

"... BOUGHT AFTER AS I WAS, I DIDN'T BELIEVE I HAD A CHANCE WITH HER... FOR A YOUNG AND WEALTHY AMERICAN WAS HER SUITOR AND CONSTANT COMPANION..."

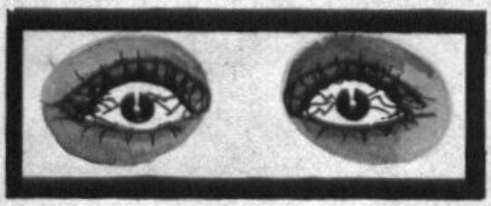
"... BUT CHANCE BROUGHT ANASTASIA AND I TOGETHER UNDER THE MOONLIGHT... FATE DECIDED WE WERE DETERMINED FOR ONE ANOTHER'S ARMS... AND NOT EVEN HELL COULD PART US ONCE WE DECIDED TO WED..."

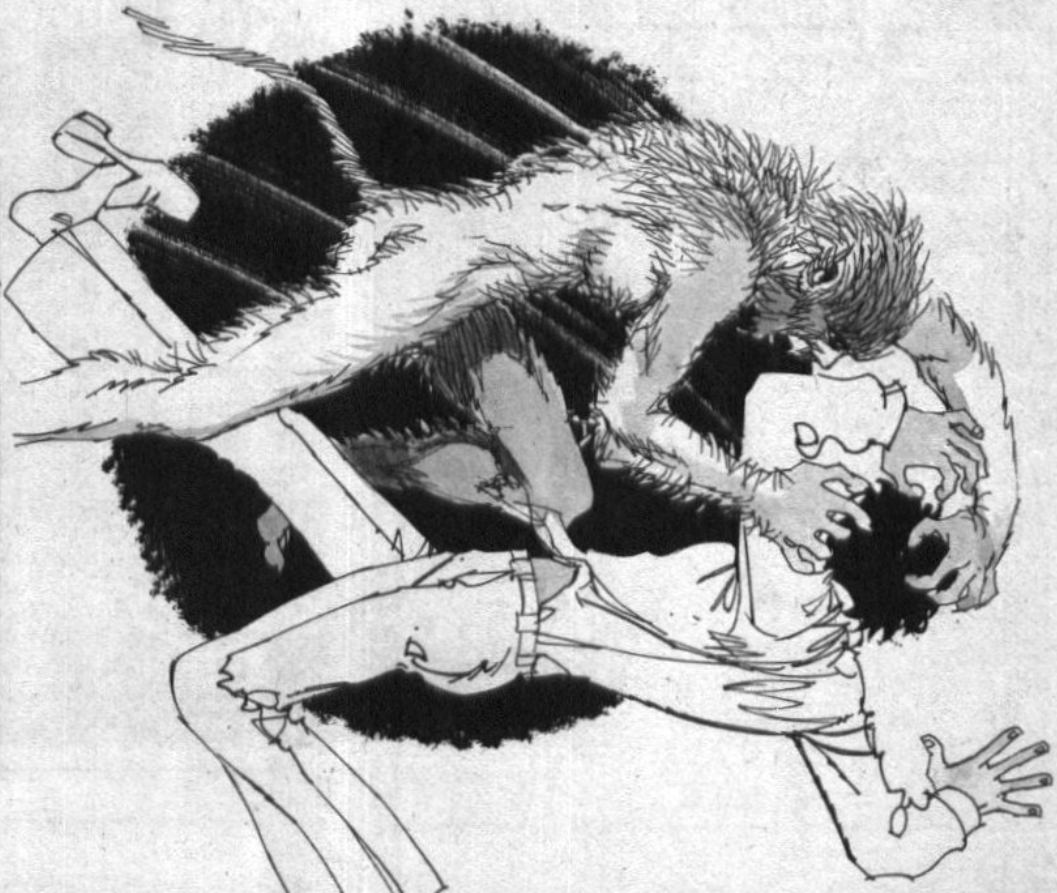
"...THE SUITOR OF ANASTASIA TOOK HIS DENIAL BADLY... TOOK TO DRINKING AND CAVORTING WITH MANY WOMEN... AND WITH A FEW WEEKS BECAME WORTHLESS TO HIMSELF AND THE WORLD..."

"...ANASTASIA WAS A STRANGE GIRL... NO-ONE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT HER... AND SHE WAS HESITANT TO TALK TO EVEN ME ABOUT HER PAST AND HER ORIGINS! IT WAS NOT UNTIL A NIGHT THREE WEEKS AFTER WE FIRST FELL IN LOVE THAT I FOUND WHAT SHE WAS..."

...IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT ANASTASIA--A FULL MOON FILLS THE BLACK NIGHT SKY...

...DO YOU REALIZE THIS IS THE FIRST FULL-MOON WE'VE SEEN TOGETHER-- WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER SUCH A SHORT TIME...





...TOGETHER... FERNANDO MY LOVE... ...TOGETHER... WE SHALL LUST AFTER THE VERY EARTH ITSELF...
"... I HAD BECOME A WEREWOLF... ANASTASIA NOW TOLD ME OF HER RUSSIAN ORIGINS AND HER AWFUL CHILDHOOD... BUT NOW AS AN ADULT THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE..."
"... NOW SHE ENJOYED HER AFFLICTION AND I THANK GOD OR SATAN OR WHOEVER FOR HER SHARING THE WOLF-LUST WITH ME...
... FOR TOGETHER... AS I SOON FOUND... OUR SATISFACTIONS WERE MAGNIFICENT..."

"...ALMOST ALL THE DAYS OF THE MONTH WE WERE THE VERY TOAST OF MADRID SOCIETY..."
...SALUTÉ...
"...BUT COME THE NIGHTS OF THE FULL-MOON WE WERE THE TERROR OF ALL-MADRID..."
"...THE POLICE TRIED TO DISCOURAGE THE PEOPLE FROM BELIEVING THE MURDERS WE COMMITTED WERE THE ACTS OF WEREWOLVES... "SUCH SUPERSTITIONS," THEY SAID, "BELONG IN ANOTHER CENTURY"... THEY HAD TO SAY THAT... FOR IF SOCIETY KNEW THAT REAL WEREWOLVES WERE IN THEIR MIDST THERE WOULD'VE BEEN MASS PANIC!..."
"...FIVE MONTHS AFTER OUR MEETING AN ACCIDENT WAS TO OCCUR WHICH BEGAN OUR END..."
...A CROSS FELL FROM A CHURCH STEEPLE UPON THE HEAD OF MY BELOVED ANASTASIA... IRONICALLY NOT WHILE SHE WAS A WEREWOLF, BUT JUST AS WE WERE RETURNING FROM A FESTIVE PARTY..."
"...BUT AS I LOOKED UP TO THE SPOT WHERE THE IRON CROSS HAD BEEN AFFIXED I SAW MOVEMENT... IT HAD BEEN NO ACCIDENT... IT WAS THE JEALOUS RETRIBUTION OF A SCORNED LOVER -- THE AMERICAN..."

YOU -- KILLED THE ONLY PERSON DEAR TO ME...
...MONSTER...
...MURDERER...
...YOU TOOK HER FROM ME... SHE WAS MY ENTIRE LIFE...
...AND IF I CANNOT HAVE HER NO-ONE WILL --I HAD TO KILL HER...
...THE MOON... IT IS THE TIME OF THE FULL-MOON!
MY LORD!...WHAT IS HAPPENING TO YOU? ARE YOU ILL DOMA?
...OH LORD...
"...AND IN A RAGE I MURDERED ANASTASIA'S MURDERER..."

"...BUT WHEN I LEFT THE CHURCH TO SEE FOR A LAST TIME MY BELOVED I FOUND POLICE BY HER LIMP BODY..."
IT'S HIM... THE WEREWOLF...
...HE MUST HAVE MURDERED THE POOR GIRL...
"...I WAS ALMOST INSTANTLY SURROUNDED AND OVERWHELMED BY A DOZEN POLICEMEN WHO REPEATEDLY STRUCK ME WITH THEIR HEAVY CLUBS TILL I WAS UNCONSCIOUS..."
"...WHAT HAPPENED THEN I CAN ONLY PRESUME...
...IT'S DAWN... HE'S CHANGING...
...THANK THE GOOD LORD... IF PEOPLE SAW THE MAN AS A WEREWOLF WE WOULD BE RIDICULED FOR SAYING SUCH THINGS COULD NOT EXIST IN THIS 20TH CENTURY!..."
"...THEY FASHIONED A WOLF-HEAD OUT OF SOME HARD MATERIAL AND WHEN I AWOKE I WAS WEARING IT WHILE THE POLICE WERE MAKING A PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF ME ON TELEVISION...".
...THIS MAN IS THE FAMOUS WEREWOLF OF MADRID...
...HE WORE THIS MASK OF A WOLF... BUT UNDERNEATH HE IS AS HUMAN AS YOU OR I...
...NOTHING MORE THAN A COMMON MANIAC... ...NOT A WEREWOLF...
...HE IS BEING TAKEN NOW TO THE CITY ASYLUM WHERE HE WILL SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN A LUNATIC'S PADDED CELL...

"...THAT NIGHT... IN MY CELL... I TRIED TO REMOVE THE THING THEY HAD PUT ON MY HEAD TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME... BUT SO HELP ME LUCIFER, NO MATTER WHAT I DID I COULD NOT GET IT OFF...
...THEIR PLAN WAS OBVIOUS! THEY HAD MADE THE MASK OF IRON SO IT COULD NOT BE REMOVED... WHY?...
"...BECAUSE THEY KNEW -- THEY KNEW THAT WHEN THE FULL MOON CAME IN THROUGH THE WINDOW... AND WHEN AS I CHANGED INTO A WEREWOLF MY FEATURES WOULD CHANGE AND MY HEAD WOULD EXPAND...
--THAT I WOULD BE CRUSHED WITHIN THE IRON HELMET...
...THAT IS MY WRETCHED TALE...
...I CANNOT... MY HEAD IS CRUSHED WITHIN...
TAKE THE HELMET OFF NOW...
...YOU MERELY... HAVE TO UNDO... THIS TINY LOCK-FASTENER... AND IT WILL COME OFF...
...AND THOSE EVIL THINGS THAT GATHERED IN THE SIGHT OF NOSFERATU LET UP A YELL AND A LAUGH THAT SATAN COULD HEAR IN HELL -- TO SEE THE WRETCHED SIGHT OF THE POOR FOOL WITH THE SHATTERED HEAD...
NEXT: ...AND THE GUTTERS RAN WITH BLOOD...

THE GOMICS MAGABRE

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I WAS A VAMPIRE FOR HIRE

SCREAM

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

THE VAMPIRE LETTERS

HICKORY DICKORY DOCK

WHAT IS EVIL and WHAT IS NOT?

THE FUNERAL BARGE

WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW

CORRIDORS OF CARICATURE

THE KID AND THE KILLER AND THE BUM RAP

NIGHTMARE

I AM DEAD: I AM BURIED!

DIE MUMMY!

the day the earth will die!

ONCE UPON A TIME IN ALABAMA: A HORROR

THE 13 DEAD THINGS

THE DAY SATAN DIED

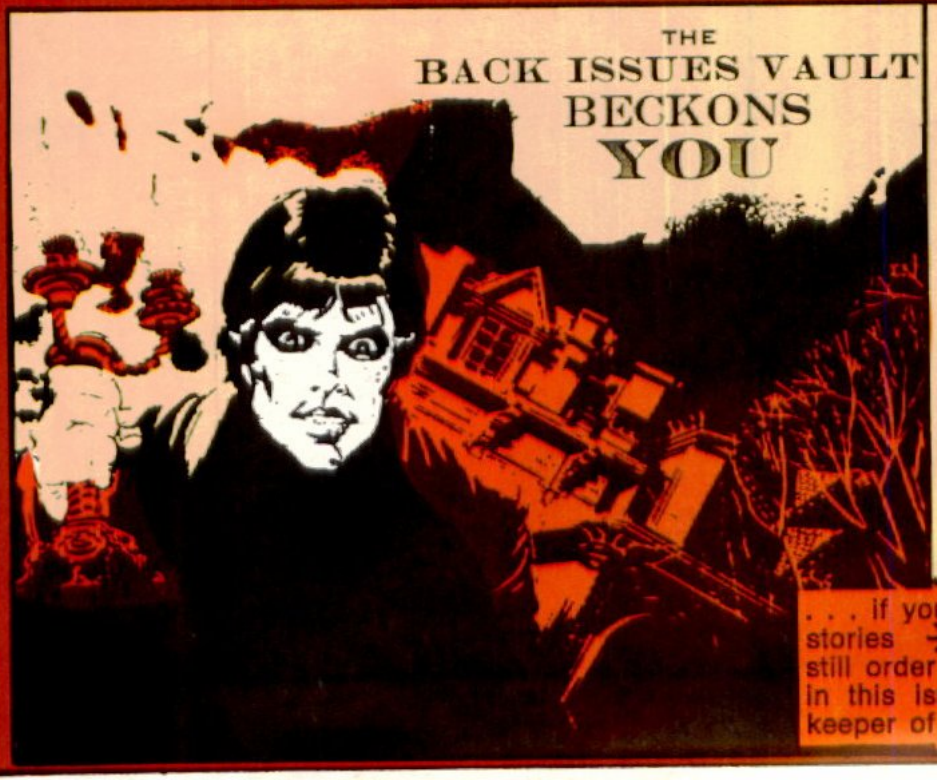
A BAG OF FLEAS

THE CLASSIC CREEPS

PSYCHO

THE MUMMY

the graceful DEAD!



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I, SLIME

in SCREAM #1

HORROR has a thousand faces!

in PSYCHO #7

THIS GROTESQUE GREEN EARTH

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